

THE COURIER

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Members of the Peabody family assembled in front of the family homestead in Gilead, mid-1880s. Photo courtesy of Joanne Peabody Stewart.

MOUNTAIN DAYS

By Daisy Peabody of Gilead, Maine

[Editor's Note: This ca. 1884 account was provided to the Society by Joanne Peabody Stewart of Portland, Maine and her brother John M. Peabody of Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Much gratitude is expressed to the Peabody family for their willingness to share this document with readers of THE COURIER.]

Late August days, calm, blue skies overhung with a haze, mildly hinting fall. Still, idle days among the hills, and a party of vacation friends, meeting in this gem of Maine towns, friends of fleeting days—we can scarce say weeks, set about to storm Mt. Washington. By twos and threes we planned the trip. We carried it out, and through the weeks that have since followed, whenever from the busy present I catch a backward glance, it and the pleasant and trifling incidents connected with it, stand clear-cut, a bright summer picture.

Like the family of that other little maiden, ours was seven. Mrs. Trowbridge, by right of her quiet dignity and her years, was, from the first, our acknowledged head. Mr. Walter Trowbridge, Mr. Mark Pierce, Mrs. Lovie Burnham, Miss Emma Burnham, Miss May Peabody, and Miss Daisy Peabody—these were the seven.

Yes, the weather was warm and most deliciously indolent. Wednesday, the day before, was a melting day. In the morning we searched out the coolest places, and tried in vain to keep cool.

Late that afternoon, Emma and her sister drove into the yard on the way to Gorham, for it had been decided that they go up the night before, and the rest of us following in the morning. We wished them the best of luck, and remarking for the hundredth time on the prospect of the weather, said good-bye and saw them go, and we, the remaining five, were to start from Gilead at 5:30 Thursday morning. Trowbridge and his friend went to Bethel, got a double carriage, and somewhere found "Old George."

Half past four the next morning found the Peabody household an anxious throng, peering through heavy, misty, moist atmosphere, trying to prove to each other that it would burn away with the sun. The bright stars in last night's sky had been misleading. The faint-hearts said: "It will rain, no mountains for us today." Not so said we all. Numbers prevailed, and in the early morning they packed the baskets full of tempting eatables. The boys were a little late, or our clock was fast; that was it, and we were on the point of going to them; but with the brave, white charger, whose acquaintance we were yet to make, they dashed up to the door in grand shape. Even then, just a little indecision would

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CAPITAL CAMPAIGN UPDATE

As of 20 June 2000, over \$495,000 has been raised from cash, stock, gifts, pledges, grants, and challenges from over 400 donors.

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ROBINSON HOUSE

In May 1998, the Society acquired the historic former Elms property for operations as addition to its facilities. Named for the original owner, O'Neil Robinson (1797-1867) and adjacent to the headquarters of the last twenty five years, the Dr. Moses Mason House, the building became known officially as the Robinson House. Once renovations are completed, critically needed space for exhibits, expanded museum shop and craft operations, more adequate research facilities and collection storage as well as an education room for students of all ages will be among the results of this expansion. This project also includes an endowment phase, which when completed will also allow the Society to support more comprehensively its Regional History Center with enhanced programming, conferences, publications, exhibits, lectures, etc. relating to Northern New England. Contributions are welcomed to make all this happen and may be made in a number of ways through cash, securities, stock, etc. For further information, please call the Society at (207) 824-2908 or (800) 824-2910 or write to P.O. Box 12, Bethel, ME 04217-0012 or e-mail (bethelhistory@ctel.net).

JOIN THOSE LISTED ABOVE IN HELPING TO SECURE THE FUTURE OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE 21st CENTURY! PLEASE MAKE YOUR TAX DEDUCTIBLE CONTRIBUTION TODAY!

(Mountain Days, from page 1)

have been enough to stay the trip then and there, for the sky wore a dark and threatening face toward us, as pleasure seekers. There was one that was bound to go—and, do you all remember, was sure it was going to clear off?

The drive to Gorham seemed unusually long, owing, no doubt, to the weather, not to speak of the speed of George. We stopped at some of the hills and walked up, at one time Trowbridge and Pierce united their strength with that of George's and actually got him into a run. Mrs. Trowbridge went rolling off in a royal state, leaving us far in the rear.

Places of some local fame we passed, among them the White Mountain Stock Farm, belonging to Col. Burbank—fine buildings, cottages, and neatly kept barns and stables. We drove over the two miles of highway built under the oversight and by the generosity of a certain Mr. Endicott, for many seasons a summer boarder in Shelburne, and now building a fine house for a summer home, the walls of which are made of common road stones. A crew of men were working on and around it as we passed.

Arrived at Gorham, the owner of the mountain team told us at once that he could not drive on to the mountain in such a morning, but would be pleased to take us for a day, to any of the many places of interest hereabout. We held a consultation and agreed upon a drive to Berlin Falls, and the Alpine Cascades.

A busy little village is Berlin Falls, its one long street populous with infants and small children gave evidence of foreign population. But in the upper end of the village were many cottages modern and tasty in their construction. Brown, a classmate, was working at Berlin, and I proposed calling to see him. Mr. Stiles drove on to Berlin Mills—there he watered the horses. A shower was doing its best to brighten up the village. Heavy drops splashed down on the top of the coach, but the fire inside was not quenched, despite the rain and the black clouds we were in the best of spirits. Brown was not to be found. He was away "logging" so they told us at the store. Mr. Trowbridge thought my endeavors ought not to be wholly fruitless, and we left a hastily written name on the back of a blue envelope, then turned the horses' heads towards Berlin Falls.

Here we left the carriage, crossed a bridge, wandered over the rocks and gathered asters "to keep"—I lost mine—did the others? Again we settled ourselves in the carriage, driving on two miles to the Alpine Cascades.

From the road we struck into a foot-path, and in a twinkling were on a tiny suspension bridge that swayed and tipped at angles hardly appreciable; then a little rocky pathway and another suspension bridge; next our way led up—89 steps—to a toll-house. Here we registered. A picnic table was spread in a grove farther on. With a delicious relish did the contents of those baskets disappear.

By chance we came upon the real glory of the place, the cascades. There are in all eleven sets of falls. We went to the

top of three of them, and rain hindered our going higher. The first two were gained by long flights of steps, 89 we counted in each. The third, up which Mrs. Burnham, Trowbridge, Pierce, and I climbed, was over the solid rock. We drew ourselves up by taking hold of iron cables, fastened to the ledge.

An open pavilion, used for both dancing and skating is back a little way from the water. The skates were much too large, the smallest sizes girl's skate being 9 ½. The proprietor seriously remarked that the people of Berlin Falls had big feet, which no one of us questioned. We all skated, Pierce taking his first lesson. Trowbridge, Emma, and I skated three abreast, till the mandate came from Mrs. Trowbridge, only once more around. Then we packed up the remnants of the dinner and bade good-bye to the Alpine Cascades.

The drive down to Gorham was delightful; the clouds had cleared, and for the first time in the day the sun did really shine. Now it was, we had our first view of the presidential group. Monroe, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, and Washington in their nearness.

Arrived at Gorham we again held close council in Mrs. Stiles' sitting-room, and came to resolution as follows: Remain over another day; go on to Mr. Washington; telegraph to friends in Gilead. Forthwith, dispatched Trowbridge and Pierce to railway station, while we girls went down in the village, and Mrs. Trowbridge rested.

In the village we were caught in a shower and lodged under a grocer's awning, till Frank Adams came to the rescue with umbrellas. We crossed over to the piazzas of the Alpine House, had a chat with the boys, then separated and went our several ways for the night. Mrs. Trowbridge, Emma, and her sister at Mrs. Stiles'; the boys at the Alpine House; May and I at Thomas Adams'.

The day was not yet full—Trowbridge and Pierce testified to spending the evening at the skating rink. Emma and Mrs. B. made vigorous efforts toward refurnishing the lunch baskets, and of their experience with grocers and provision dealers, the soda crackers, pickles, cheese, and deviled turkey, that formed a part of the summit dinner, next day, gave ample proof. May and I, tired children that we were, accepted the invitation of our host and went to the entertainment. 'Twas a mixture of cornet solo, Hiawathan babyhood, and ice-cream, but out of the chaos of the evening I cannot recall any special feature; May might. The end came, and two much confused heads rested, at length, on the soft pillows of Mrs. Adams' spare bed.

At 6:30 next morning, the mountain team stopped for us, and with a fair sky, a shining sun, and exultant hopes, we were in reality off for Mt. Washington. From Gorham to the Glen House the road is through the woods, winding up by a gradual ascent, for eight miles. The Glen buildings, stables, and pavilion attached, are immense, representing over \$200,000. Here is the toll-house; paying our toll and providing against the cold by a few more blankets, we pass through the gates and begin the ascent proper.

The way to the Half-Way House was not unlike many of the wooded drives abounding everywhere in this section, except that it was more up. At times we came to places where dark ravines showed that we were on the heights, for in these openings we had glimpses of lands below; but for the most part, the road stretched uneventfully away ahead of us.

By the roadside, at distances sometimes only a few rods apart, were little piles of rocks in semi-circles. We thought at first it happened so, but finally agreed that they had been built as protection for the road during fall rains and spring freshets. A line of telegraph poles seemed out of place, as if infringing on some undefined rights.

At the Half-Way House we had an intimation that the wind might be blowing on top, by the abruptness with which Trowbridge's hat went flying off into space. Emma caught it before it made its final plunge over the brink. Here Mr. Stiles lashed the carriage to the axles with ropes, and rolled the curtains to the very top, as precautions against a strong wind. We looked up and drew long breaths at the thought of the road to be traversed. At this point the woods cease, and the road strikes out upon the bare rocks. It takes on a steeper grade and looks rather uninviting. We were not faint-hearted enough to say it; but inspired with the wildness and daring of the thing were the more eager to start.

Rounding the first corner, at a height above us, we saw two foot-men coming down. They waited for our team to come up, and stopped to speak with us. They were English, and the cold and wind proving too much for them, they had turned back without reaching the summit. The older of the two men, a portly old fellow, with eye-glasses and silk hat, somewhat on a side, said: "O, its all very well for you young people, but as for me I won't risk my life"; and the younger man said: "you'll be blown to bits." We smiled incredulously. Far up the mountain, looking down on the long, perilous road we had climbed, I saw them, two motes in the distance.

What to us had seemed mountains, as we stood in the valley, now looking down upon them were but little hills. Watching the shadows of the clouds on the forest, we mistook a growth of wood as that of another species, when it was but the reflection of a cloud. The driver pointed out to us Kearsarge, towering to blueness above the hills around it. Between it and cluster of smaller mountains, Lovell's Pond formed a basin of shining water. Down at the base of Mt. Washington the huge Glen House looked like a Noah's Ark cottage. It was all below us, a picture to the eye such as a bird might take in its flight.

As the grandeur of the outlook grew upon us, the coldness began to make itself felt. So long as we had sunshine, the side of the mountain to our right was a shelter, but the road changed, coming out upon a place where the wind had full sweep—and behold—the sun was gone. We were in the midst of a cold, heavy fog that, forced along by the wind, cut with wintry keenness. In quite the coldest place we met two coaches coming back. We knew them not from Egypt's

PRESIDENT'S COLUMN

The year 2000 is and will continue to be a very busy and exciting one for our Society.

The capital campaign is moving ahead with great success. We expect to burn the mortgage at the annual meeting in September. We are now in the midst of a number of projects to ensure the protection of our investment. A new roof, repointed chimneys, and an upgraded electrical system are among the items that should be completed by the end of the year. It is also anticipated that Smith/Reuter Architects will have completed preliminary plans for a research library, secure, safe and climate-controlled storage space for our ever expanding collections, a large functional traditional crafts room, and a well-equipped classroom for students of all ages. This will allow future growth and promotes the "original look" with the addition of a connecting barn-like structure.

By the fall, we expect to finish the Museum Assessment Program (MAP III) review and will know the results of our self-assessment of the public perceptions of the Society. This will assist us in determining ways to attract more visitors, members and volunteers, increase our collections, and be in a better position to gain increased support for all we do from individuals, corporations, and foundations. My sincere thanks to the members of the MAP III committee and to those who have responded to surveys and participated in focus groups. Your input was, and is, very much appreciated.

The progress of the capital campaign continues to be one of our highest priorities. We need additional contributions to make our vision of a Regional History Center with state-of-the-art facilities a reality. So spread the word and volunteer where you can. Thanks once again to all who have already contributed and/or pledged support to date. I hope that support will continue. Together, we will be successful in making our plans bear fruit.

Alvin Barth

children. But meeting them in that frigid land, they uncovered their faces from double shawls and rubber capes, and with pitying glances and sympathetic voices, said: "We pity you so; you'll freeze to death." We had ourselves found out that it was cold, but with Spartan grit, we wrapped the shawls tighter about our heads, turned our backs to the wind and took it as it came. All in the party had not the same amount of endurance. About two miles' ride through this terrific cold, when "Here we are!" came from the driver and we tumbled, numb with cold, and the long ride. One more little climb, this time up a flight of stairs and we are on the summit, in eager haste to get inside the railway station. Here is warmth which we indulge in to its fullness, for nearly an hour.

A quiet, solemn looking party of five, taking lunch as we came in, eyed us with cool, polite glances, evidently regarding us and our demonstrative manner, boorish. There

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were two others in the room more to our taste, for their naturalness, if nothing more. Mr. Trowbridge knew they were on the honeymoon trip, though they both looked every day of forty. He gave as argument for this belief that he chanced to overhear this same man settling his bill at the Alpine House, the night before, and that he noticed whenever expense was mentioned the chivalric bridegroom every time stoutly affirmed that he would go the best way—money was of no account; their dress and general appearance not bespeaking exactly wealth, he had formed the sage conclusion that these two were bride and bridegroom, the groom bound for once, at least, to show himself generous. They too, were cold and he produced from some pocket a bottle; mixed a beverage of something hot and gave to his wife; then offered it to us, but we declined. It proved to be Perry Davis' Pain Killer. We looked out the windows of the railroad station, watched the people come and go; the brakeman with business-like bluster, rushed in with time tables, rubbed his hands before the hot stove and was gone: a man who "spoke as one having authority," said the thermometer was 1 [degree] above freezing; that the night before, the wind was blowing at the rate of seventy miles an hour; to-day it was growing stronger. He too, hurried off and we, warm and bundled up to the chin, stepped into the fog.

The Summit House was larger than I imagined. We found a city in the clouds, and under one roof. Finely dressed people going here and there through the halls; old men and young men, women and children. At a counter, young ladies were selling mountain souvenirs. On the floor above, are sleeping apartments furnished with all the modern conveniences that made us wish to sleep for the night rocked by the winds. The drawing room was as good and nice as could be found in any lower lands. Soft, rich carpets on the floors, easy chairs and sofas, paintings on the walls, a square piano; all these make up the hotel parlor—not exactly a home room.

May and I, standing alone together, looked up to the office of "Among the Clouds," and wished to go to it, but the whistling wind and icy rocks were uninviting. An elderly looking man near us, read the thought, on our faces, for he said: "Would you like to go up, girls?" "Yes,"—and we went. He took us through the building. It was the original Summit House, built in 1853, what changes have the years witnessed here, even, we are strikingly reminded when we compare the two houses—the old, and the new. Of the paper, there are two editions published daily, through the season. The editor's brain must be a fertile one if he fills each edition with anything like news matter. I set up my name in type, and as I finished throwing it back into the case, Trowbridge and Pierce came in. Amidst the commotion incident to the gust the boys brought in with them, we lost sight of our newly made acquaintance, and we regret that we did not even thank him.

The descent from the office to the railway station is steep, and some of us were taken off our feet. But at the bottom we all came together again; collected our baskets, shawls, and veils, and down the steps the whole battalion moved with sure, slow pace, our backs turned on Mt. Washington and faces resolutely set toward the valley.



Bethel Historical Society 2000 Preservation Award recipients are shown above: Randall Bennett, who accepted the award on behalf of the Opera House, Rosalie Poland on behalf of the Whitman Library in Bryant Pond, George and Danna Nickerson for their house, pose with Kenneth Bohr, chair of the Preservation Committee

A bright, intelligent looking, young fellow occupied the one vacant seat, on the return trip, as far as the Glen. We did not learn his name. When at last we got down below the coldness, Mrs. B., Emma, Pierce, and this stranger, warmed themselves up by a brisk run of half a mile down the mountain.

We had made the drive up in the morning, in some over five hours, and we came down in much less time. In counting up the number of miles traveled in two days, we found it to be seventy-four, and during the time nearly all our food was taken from the lunch baskets.

But little more of this merry outing—let's see, we are at Gorham again. We left that village about dusk, at a greater speed than on the day coming up. Emma passed us and George's spirit of emulation seemed not wholly dead. From time to time we hailed the girls through the darkness, and knew that they were there by the flutter of a white handkerchief.

The pangs of hunger led us once more to the baskets, and we found them holding out miraculously well. The way seemed long for we were tired and cold. The tongues, ceaseless for the last two days, lagged, and we beguiled ourselves the last miles of the drive with humming and whistling, and some one even ventured to sing, "Things are seldom what they seem." The Gilead lights came in view and our faces and spirits brightened. We said good-bye to the Burnhams and good night to the boys who promised to see us before train time in the morning.

Within doors, we caught sight of a rousing wood fire, and the light thrown out from its open mouth filled the room with warmth and cheer. They brought in steaming bowls of savory herb tea, and stood around and gazed upon us as on heroes from the Arctic regions, while we talked long and loud of the pleasures and perils, haps and mishaps of the two days. The fire burned down to red coals, and we reluctantly broke the circle—leaving rest and quiet to reign for the night.

Bethel Historical Society

2001 Calendar of Events

**Lecture Series Program*

- January 20 **Exhibit Opening:** "A Sampling of Winter Recreation in the Bethel Area"; exhibit assembled by the Bethel Area Chamber of Commerce; January 20 through February 24, 2001
- January 30 **Reading and Discussion Course in Maine History;** part one of a four-part series led by BHS Executive Director Stanley Howe; 7:00 PM
- February 17 **Heritage Day:** exhibit galleries and period rooms open; craft demonstrations; book fair; historical films; 1:00 to 4:00 PM
- February 27 **Reading and Discussion Course in Maine History;** part two; 7:00 PM
- March 10 **Commemoration of 150th Anniversary of the Arrival of the Railroad to Bethel;** 2:00 PM at the "Potato John" Swan Barn, Railroad Street
- March 27 **Reading and Discussion Course in Maine History;** part three; 7:00 PM
- April 24 **Reading and Discussion Course in Maine History;** part four; 7:00 PM
- May 10* **Lecture: "Fly Rod Crosby: Camping in the Nation's Playground and Writing to Tell About It"** by Julia Hunter, Maine State Museum; 7:30 PM
- May 26 **Faye Taylor Art Show,** 10:00 AM to 4:00 PM
St. Never's Day Sale, 9:00 AM to 3:00 PM, to benefit the Society's Capital Campaign
- June 1 **BHS Research Library, Museum Shop, and Mason House Exhibit Hall** open for the summer/fall season (Tuesday through Friday, 1:00 to 4:00 PM, through October)
Exhibit Opening and Gallery Talk: *Light Years Ago: The Art and Science of the Kerosene Lamp*; 7:00 PM
- June 7* **Lecture: "She Took to the Woods: Reflections on Louise Dickinson Rich"** by Alice Arlen, author of a new biography of Rich; 7:30 PM
- June 22 & 23 **14th Annual Quilt Show at the Middle Intervale Meetinghouse;** an old-fashioned country quilt show presented by Cross Country Quilters as a fundraiser for the preservation of Bethel's oldest (1816) meetinghouse; 10:00 AM to 4:00 PM each day
- July 1 **Exhibit Opening:** *All Aboard! 150 Years of Railroading from the Atlantic to the St. Lawrence*
Regularly scheduled tours of the Mason House period rooms begin for the summer season (Tuesday through Sunday, 1:00 to 4:00 PM, through Labor Day)
- July 4 **Fourth of July Community Picnic** with music provided by the Portland Brass Quintet
- July 14 **Sunday River Valley House Tour & Luncheon,** 10:00 AM to 4:00 PM; a Capital Campaign event; for more information, please call 207-824-2908
- Aug. 10* - 12 **Sudbury Canada Days:** annual heritage festival features the "Hall Lecture," old time crafts, an art show, historical films, children's parade and games, refreshments at the Mt. Zircon Bottle, a log drivers' bean supper, and much more. This year's Hall Memorial Lecture speaker will be Dr. Joseph Wood, of the University of Southern Maine, whose topic will be "Inventing the New England Village" (7:00 PM, August 10)

(Over, please)

- September 2 **Last day** for regularly scheduled tours of the Mason House period rooms (open by appointment September through June)
- September 6* **Bethel Historical Society Annual Meeting and Lecture: "Sylvester Marsh and the Cog Railroad"** by Richard Joslin, author of a recently published book on this subject, and a Marsh descendant; 6:30 PM pot-luck supper followed by meeting and lecture
- September 22 **Apple & Pumpkin Festival**, part of the Bethel Harvest Fest
- October 11* **Lecture: "Canning Gold: The Rise and Fall of the Sweet Corn Industry in Northern New England"** by Dr. Paul Frederic, University of Maine at Farmington; 7:30 PM
- November 8* **Lecture: "Reflections on the Past 75 Years in Bethel"** by Margaret Joy Tibbetts; 7:30 PM
- December 6 **Christmas with the Masons**, music & refreshments in the Mason House period rooms, decorated in traditional nineteenth century style and illuminated by candles; Museum Shop and exhibit galleries open at Robinson House; 6:30 to 8:30 PM
- December 31 **4th Annual New Year's Bethel** celebration, starting at 6:00 PM. An affordable, chemical-free festival featuring a variety of live entertainment at selected sites within historic Bethel Hill village. Programs and advance sale tickets available by contacting the Society office.

Each year, the Bethel Historical Society sponsors an on-going series of lectures, exhibit openings, conferences, seminars, demonstrations, and other educational activities for members and friends of all ages. Unless stated otherwise, all events are held at the Bethel Historical Society's Regional History Center on Broad Street in Bethel, Maine. Dates and times are subject to change. Please call in advance for confirmation and/or more information: 207-824-2908 / 800-824-2910

THE BETHEL HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Founded in 1966, the Bethel Historical Society provides visitors with a doorway to northern New England's varied and colorful past. The Society's Regional History Center, established in 1999, operates year-round from two adjoining properties — the 1813 Dr. Moses Mason House and the 1821 O'Neil Robinson House — both listed in the *National Register of Historic Places*.

The Regional History Center's collections include a wide range of materials documenting the history of Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont, with major concentration on western Maine and the White Mountains. The Center offers more than a dozen period rooms and exhibition galleries as well as areas for craft demonstrations, research library operations, and Museum Shop sales. For more information, please call 207-824-2908, send an e-mail to us at bethelhistory@ctel.net or visit our website: www.ctel.net/~bethelhistory

MUSEUM FACILITIES & HOURS

- O'Neil Robinson House — BHS Main Office, Exhibits, Museum Shop. *HOURS: Year-round, Tuesday through Friday, 1:00 - 4:00 PM, also Saturday & Sunday, 1:00 - 4:00 PM during July, August & December; closed Monday*
- Dr. Moses Mason House — Period Rooms, Exhibit Hall, Research Library. *HOURS: Period Room Tours (small fee): July 1 through Labor Day, Tuesday through Sunday, 1:00 - 4:00 PM, and also by appointment. Research Library & Exhibit Hall: June - October, Tuesday through Friday, 1:00 - 4:00 PM, and by appointment; closed Monday*

THE BETHEL SOLDIERS OF '61

From the pages of the Oxford Advertiser, 3 Dec. 1886, compiled by Judge C. F. Whitman of Norway



The next morning after the battle of Rappanahock Station the troops were sent forward over the river in pursuit of the Rebels but it was found that they had made good use of their heels. The pursuit was continued as far as Brandy Station.

On the 10th of November, detachments from the 5th Maine and 121st New York were sent to Gen'l Meade's headquarters to present the captured battle flags. It was a proud day for the men to be thus publicly honored. High compliments for their bravery were paid them and they returned "happy in the consciousness of duty well performed and joyous over its honorable and meritorious recognition."

Near the latter part of November, the troops were ordered forward to the Rapidean where the third corps met the enemy and a battle was fought lasting all afternoon. The 6th Corps was brought up as reserves and the 5th Maine and 121st New York were under fire from three o'clock till dark behind a breastworks of fence rails. During the night the Rebels retreated and early the next morning they were pushed forward in pursuit. The enemy was found about eight o'clock and our forces were deployed in line of battle. They passed through a thick piece of woods and came out upon a hill in full view of the Confederates in fortifications and rifle pits across a little stream at the foot of the hill and extending back to another eminence. It was one of the strongest positions they had ever encountered. The weather was extremely cold, and here they waited for two days, expecting an order to charge to come at any hour. Gen. Warren's troops had been selected to charge on another part of the line, when if successful the 5th Maine with its divisions were to be ordered into the fight. Warren's charge failed and a backward movement was begun. In a few days, the soldiers were camped in winter quarters near Wellford's Ford, Hazel River, on land owned by Hon. John Minor Botts, one of the strongest Union men in Virginia. The following is a description of their winter quarters taken from the history of the 5th Maine: "The houses were built of logs, split in two, the flat sides neatly hewn to a smooth surface, and placed outward, presenting a neat exterior, the ends dovetailed, thus rendering them warm and tight. These houses were built about five feet high and about six feet long and wide. The roofs were steep, formed of the shelter tents, thus affording plenty of air admitting the light. The interiors were models of neatness, nearly all the wall being covered with papers and pictures, each house was the quarters of four men, two bunks being placed one above the other, each wide enough for two, across the inner end of the house. The chimneys were built by the entrance to the house and throughout the camp, presented a uniform appearance. Though small, these houses were comfortable, cozy and pleasant."

On the 14th of December, Lieut. John H. Stevens of Co. H. with the following members of the Bethel Company, Sergt. J. Spencer Peabody of Gilead, Corp. Alanson M. Whitman of Woodstock and Private Milo C. Walker, were sent outside the lines to procure bricks for fireplaces when a band of guerrillas swooped down upon them and took them prisoners.

Whitman died a martyr at Andersonville, Ga. in that prison pen of barbarity, which place will be remembered to the eternal disgrace of the Rebels and the cause for which they fought.



Annual Faye Taylor Memorial Art Show entries line the wall of the Robinson House in May

The following is a summary of the changes which had taken place in the roll of the Bethel Soldiers at the close of the year 1863: Capt. John B. Walker was discharged for disability on the 18th of June, and Lieut. Simeon W. Sanborn was discharged from service for same cause as were also B.R. Bean, Jr., Dustin A. Cook and W. R. Robertson. Sergt. Washington F. Brown had been killed in battle and Aaron F. Jackson had died.

The winter wore away without especial incident. Gen. U.S. Grant had been appointed Lieut. Gen'l and took command of all the Union armies. His headquarters were in the field with the Army of the Potomac and early in the spring it was in motion towards Richmond. There was to be no retreating. No more "letting up" till the last remaining Rebel soldier should be found and forced to surrender in the "last ditch."

On the 3rd of May 1864, the tents were struck, camp was broken, and the regiment started on the march to the front. It crossed the river at Germania Ford upon pontoon bridges and went into camp a short distance from the river till the next morning when the march was resumed. They soon came into the immediate presence of the enemy posted in the wilderness and a line of battle was formed while skirmishes were thrown out to feel his position. The ball was soon opened all along the line when the Rebels were driven from their front. The regiment took up a new position upon the side of a hill covered with trees, in view of an open plain, with the enemy entrenched upon the other side. The position it held till the afternoon of the 6th when a charge was made upon a division of the corps, composed of raw troops, putting them to rout. Gen. John Sedgwick in command of the Corps, at once rode forward to rally them, shouting, "Remember the honor of the 6th Corps." It had the effect. A counter charge was made and the enemy fell back. The Rebels made another charge on our exposed flank, and our troops were forced back once more. Again, Gen. Sedgewick gave the "Forward," and just as darkness closed in upon the scene and troops were in possession of the line it occupied when first charged by the Rebels. During the night, however, they fell back in their first position and entrenched. The next day there was little fighting, and during the night the series of flank movements began which so greatly characterized this campaign. Moving to the left the 6th Corps passed over the old battlefield of Chancellorsville on the morning of the 8th, where the soldiers of the regiment saw many skeletons of Union soldiers who were killed in that battle and had lain in the field

(continued on page 8)

(Bethel Soldiers of '61, continued from page 7)

unburied. A way in front they heard the sounds of conflict and they were hurried forward and ordered to charge the strong Rebel positions in thick woods which from appearances appeared impossible to carry. The order was countermanded when they moved to the right into a piece of woods, where they stopped for the night. The next day was passed in skirmishing during which Gen. Sedgewick was shot dead by a Rebel sharpshooter.

The 10th of May was a cloudy day and the tide of battle rolled to and fro in front of Hancock's and Warren's Corps at Spottsylvania. It was about six o'clock in the afternoon when the 6th Corps was called into action. Col. Upton was selected to take twelve picked regiments and lead them in a charge on the right of the center of the enemy's line. Among these picked regiments were the gallant 5th and 6th Maine, and the 121st N.Y. These troops were formed in line of battle and threw themselves upon the ground while the bullets of the enemy were flying as thick as hail-stones through the air. When all was ready the artillery opened on the enemy, throwing shot over the heads of our men into his works. It was a signal, "Attention, battalions. Forward, double-quick charge" rang out the voice of Upton, and at once every man was on his feet. Amide the Union cheers and the Rebel yells, the column pressed forward. Where was the plucky little colonel of the 5th Maine at this time. At the head of his two hundred heroes. Often had he led them against the works of the enemy. Men had fallen around him; the rank had been torn asunder again and again; the storm had often beat upon commander and men, and such confidence did they have in him, that he could lead them anywhere and hold them against any kind of fire which the enemy could make except a flank fire which no troops could stand.

A sheet of flame burst from the Rebel works and the shots from their artillery cut great gaps in the advancing lines. Before that storm of laden hail scores of our boys went down. It is surprising any were left. Above the noise of the conflict the soldiers of the 5th Maine heard the voice of their commander like Marshall Macdonald at Wagram, "Forward, forward!" God bless the survivors of that charge, and may the memory of the heroic dead ever be green, among a people who owes so much to them.

They reached the defenses, and over the ditch they went and into the works. The fight was hand to hand. "Give them the bayonet," shouted the commander. The bleeding Rebels fell thick and fast in the pits. Two thousand threw down their arms and marched to the rear. "Forward to their second line of works!" The fight here was almost as stubborn as the first line but it finally carried as before at the point of the bayonet. Again the order was forward and again another line of earthworks was carried. Forward rushed fresh Rebel troops to the rescue. These lines were important to them to hold. Our advancing columns were melting away like dew before the sun. Half of the 5th Maine were already stretched upon the ground over which they had gone. Eleven out of seventeen officers were killed or wounded. A fire was opened on their flank.

(to be continued in the next issue)

NEW LIFE MEMBERS

Richard and Delores Hoeh, Bethel

Wilma Bean Gorman, Bethel

William and Nancy Stowell White, Bethel

James N. and Marilyn A. Swan, Bethel

Carolyn J. Nygren, Winter Park, FL



Jim Mann (left) of Mountain Mann Jewelers stands beside Society Member Linda Davis, winner of the special Maine gem necklace designed and donated by Mann and his wife as a fund raiser for the Society's capital campaign. Also looking on were Alvin Barth, Society president and Susan Herlihy, Capital Campaign co-chair.



DIARY OF WILLIAM S. HASTINGS

(continued from the last issue)

1937—January 1, Fair and warm. Lovely day. Like March. Cut birch. Hard day! Cutting near Swift Place opening. White birch \$11. Yellow 38" long \$12. January 2, Clouding up. Warm. In woods all day. Potatoes jumped to \$2.65 & \$2.70 per bag. January 3, Snowed 2 in. & then rained until 3 p.m. We went to Greenwood. We have a new Simonds Crosscut saw No. 325. January 4, Clear and warm. Cut 900 cakes of ice. I sawed all day. All in at night. January 5, Clear and warm. Finished ice. Put up spuds. Made out ins. application for Carrie Bartlett. Went in woods. New saw works fine. January 6, +8 [degrees] Clear and cold. Bob in Portland. Spuds are quoted \$2.70-.75. Put up load. Broke my back. Went to Norway to Swett [osteopath]. January 7, +16 [degrees] Cloudy and snow. Laid up in house. Snow is only 3-4 in. in woods. Crusty. Spuds net \$1.50 per bu. at Hannafords. January 8, Warm and cloudy. Bob in city. Spuds at Johnsons \$1.60 per bu. I'm doing chores. January 9, Warm and cloudy. Clearing & windy. Grange installation at Newry Corner. Their 50th anniversary. I borrowed Uncle Dan's [Hastings] compass. Fine instrument. January 10, Cool & clear. Repaired school house. Surveyed the line between Swift Place & Gossom Field. Must be iron in the ground. Needle very erratic. January 11, +5 [degrees] Cold but warmed up quick. Clear. Ruth & I went to Portland. Spuds \$2 cwt. I got a Manual for Northern Woodsman - Cary. January 12, Clear and warm day. Nice weather. Cut birch & logs. Bob hauled. In evening I filed a saw & made a new saw frame. January 13, +25 [degrees] Clear & warm. Put up spuds in a.m. 100 bu. In 1 1/2 hrs. on grader. Then loaded 'em & I took 'em to Hannafords. \$150. Rest of

crew in woods. Weather just like spring. January 14, 14 [degrees] Cloudy & raining. Butchered hog for us/hog for Farwells/calf for John. Put up a load of spuds. January 15, +38 [degrees] Bob in Portland. I went in to cut birch, but it was too wet. Saw goes fine. Billy and Barbara sick. January 16, 24 [degrees] Fine day. Cut wood & birch all day. Kids still sick. January 17, Clouding up. Snow at night. I have the flu. Bob gone ice fishing. Sick all night. January 18, Raining. Still sick. Bob sick. January 19, Cloudy—warm. Feeling better. Helped milk. January 20, Clear & cool. Odd jobs. Put up spuds. January 21, Cloudy. Snow. Got truck fixed. Hauled wood for John. Got load of cord wood out. Put up spuds. January 22, Cloudy & warm. Billy and I went to Portland. Spuds \$2.40 cwt. January 23, Fair & warm (in woods). I cut cordwood all day. Bob hauled. There is only 4 to 8 in. snow in woods. January 24, -8 [degrees] Clear & cold. Clouding & snow at night. Greenwood. Changed from snow to rain. January 25, +34 [degrees] Cloudy & warm. Sawed wood for Grover & 1 cord for my cellar. Started hauling pulp in p.m. From 6" to 1" of snow in Bean swamp. January 26, Nice warm day. Cloudy. We hauled pulp & cut birch in Bean Swamp. January 27, 0 [degrees] Clear & cold. Cut birch. Got truck in eve. Oil changed in car. Veedol 20. January 28, -10 [degrees] Clear & cold. Bob in Portland. Spuds. Hauled cordwood & pulp. January 29, 14 [degrees], Clouding up. Old scrapper [cat] died last night. Nearly 11 years old. Hauled 4 loads of pulp. Put up 100 bu. spuds. January 30, Clear and warm. Bob in city. I hauled 4 loads pulp from back lot. Cruised all over the swamp. Good walking. January 31, Fair & warm. Clouding. Snow at night. 4" - 5". Greenwood. Order my compass thru Harry Carter. February 1, Clear and cool. Hauled manure to "Eph piece." No drift & about 8" - 15" snow. February 2, +12 [degrees] Cold & windy. Gale! Snow drifting. Ground hog saw his shadow. We put up a load of spuds. February 3, +12 [degrees] Clear & cold. Windy. We (Leslie & I) cut birch all day. February 4, 8 [degrees] Clear and warming. Cut birch. Bob in city. Spuds \$2.40 per cwt. That is 15 or 20 [cents] above the market. February 5, Nice day after light snow. Cut two cords besides the limbs. Bob finished spruce pulp. February 6, Clear and warm. Great weather! Dad helped us today. About 1 foot of snow in woods. Most of that is hard. February 7, Cold and windy. I fixed vacuum cleaner, filed saws. Went surveying in Lot 10 R7. February 8, Clouding up. Sawed birch. Snowed ½ in. about 1 p.m. February 9, Warm & wet. Rain. Put up spuds. Over \$300 worth in two days. 128 bags, February 10, Clear and warm. Bob in city. Leslie and I cut birch. Bob brot [sic] first load of phosphate. February 11, Clear, cold & windy. I took load of spuds to Johnson \$2.45 cwt. F. & Game meeting in eve. February 12, Clouding up. Cut wood in a.m. Swapped trucks in p.m. Got a 1936 Ford V8. 2200 miles on speedometer. February 13, Warm. Fair. Like April. Build over doors to Coburn cellar, so we could get new truck in. February 14, Rain! And how! Went to Greenwood. Inspected beaver damage on Sheepskin Bog. February 15, Clearing & windy. Cut birch. Loaded truck in eve. February 16, Fair & warm. Went to Augusta with Raynor [Littlefield], Lewis [Tirrell], Jason Bennett to hearing on beaver damage on Jason's land. Roads are bare. February 17, Clear & cool. Windy. Cut birch. Nice cutting. Snow is hard & about 8" to 10" deep. Went to Harry Carter's & got compass. An H. E. No. 5330 with tripod \$41.49. February 18, 13 [degrees] Fair & warm. Cut birch. Snow is going. February 19, Fair and hot. Cut birch. Too hot to work. Went to Norway in p.m. February 20, Fair and hot Cut birch. Snow is settling every day. Stumps are bad in the



Margaret Joy Tibbetts makes a point concerning Bethel's past as a member of the panel during the Society's winter course, "Three Centuries of Bethel's Past." Also serving on the panel were (left to right) Rosalind Rowe Chapman, John K. Brown, and Randall H. Bennett. The three sessions and field trip were co-ordinated by Society Director Stanley R. Howe.

roads. Main road is bare some of the way. February 21, Clouding up. I figured on lights for Leslie Noyes. In p.m. I surveyed the range line R7 & 8. Corner is corner of old wall between our pasture and Ceylon's. February 22, Snow. Nor'easter. Warm & wet. I worked around home. Got ready for chicks. Cut off bottom of a cupboard for Ruth. Whist party in eve. 8-10" snow. February 23, 23 [degrees] Windy. Got chicks in a.m. 275 R.I. Reds from Wilson. Put up load of spuds in p.m. Truck license came back. We are held up. February 24, 14 [degrees] Clear & warm. Hauling wood. Nasty in woods. Bob home from 3 days in Orono. February 25, Fair & warm. Warmed up incubator (2). Dressed veal calf. Jacked up beam in Coburn cellar. February 26, Fair and warm. Cutting birch & rough pulp. Set up 2 incubators. 401 & 252. February 27, Fair and cold. Scaled pulp, 43 & cords. Cut birch. In p.m. I changed front axles on car. \$17.57. February 28, 10 [degrees] Fair & warm. Put on new car plates 119312. Greenwood. March 1, -5 [degrees] Town Meeting Day. Same board. New Australian ballot. Cut rough pulp in p.m. \$5 per cord on main road. March 2, 30 [degrees] Cloudy & warm. Ruth & I went to Portland with new truck. Great rig! Portland to So. Paris in 1 hr. 10 min. Load 1 ton. Spuds are \$2.30 per cwt. March 3, Cold and clear. Cut rough pulp. Bob on his job. March 4, Cold. Put up spuds in a.m. Cut pulp in p.m. March 5, Cold & clear. Bob in Portland. We cut hard wood. Hauled two loads out. March 6, Cold & clear. Windy.

(continued on page 10)

(Hastings Diary, continued from page 9)

Cut cord wood & ash. March 7, Cold, clear & windy. I wired a 3-way switch on my shed & a new light in kitchen. March 8, Clouding up. Put up load of spuds. Cut ash. Snow at night. Whist party. 3-4" snow. March 9, Clear & cool. I took a load of spuds to Johnson. \$2.34 per cwt. Uncle John went with me. March 10, Clear & cold. Butchered for John. Cut firewood. Discovered a big birch tree which had claw marks of a big bear. March 11, -10 [degrees] Clear & cold. Cut hardwood & rough pulp. March 12, -5 [degrees] Clear & cold. Put up load of spuds for & started Bob for city. In p.m. cut pulp. March 13, -5 [degrees] Clear & cold. Hauled birch to Bethel. Poplar to L. Mills. Made out income tax returns. \$6700 net. March 14, 0 [degrees] Clear & warm. Nice day. Greenwood. March 15, +20 [degrees] Clouding up. We cut pulp until noon, then it began to snow and we came out & started Leslie's wiring job. March 16, Raining hard all day. Brooks are up. Wiring. March 17, Snowing. Wired all day. F. & G. Assoc. supper at L. Mills. March 18, Light squalls. Wiring. 359 chicks. 141 crossbreds. March 19, Squally. Warm & wet. Cut hemlock logs in a.m. Norway with Bill in p.m. "Peg" [Linona] & "Pilly" [Viva] Yates are here. March 20, Cut logs & hemlock. Warm. Got in from woods at 6:30 p.m. Snowed hard at night. March 21, Clearing, warm. 5-6" wet snow. Carried Yates girls home. Got stalled on Bacon Hill. Had to be hauled out. March 22, Windy. Cut birch. Snow is knee deep. Set incubators. 396 & 251. March 23, Clear & windy. Woods again. March 24, Clear & windy. Finished cutting on Bean lot. March 25, Snowing. Put up load of spuds in a.m. Bob hauled birch to mill. Wired for Leslie in p.m. March 26, Clear & windy. Bob in city. Dad & I broke road to Swift Place & hauled 3 loads birch & wood. Cleaned out chix. March 27, Cold & windy. Bob in So. Paris. I hauled birch to Bethel & did the weekly trip. March 28, Cold, cloudy & windy. We went to Greenwood. March 29, Cold & windy. Melted some in the middle of the day. I hauled 2 loads birch to L. Mills & brot [sic] back 2 1/2 tons grain \$135!! Bob gone to Orono. March 30, Clear & warm. Finished hauling from Bean swamp. March 31, Clear & warm. Snow is melting. Hauled from Swift Place. Dad taken sick at noon.

(to be continued in the next issue)

IN MEMORIAM

- Died, 24 January 2000, Edward Lee Mills, Locke Mills, Life Member
- Died, 13 February 2000, J. Maynard Austin, Bennington, VT, Patron Member
- Died, 22 March 2000, Albert E. Judkins, Peru, Life Member
- Died, 27 March 2000, Richard Harding, Sr., South Paris, Senior Member
- Died, 9 April 2000, Robert W. Goodwin, Norway, Life Member
- Died, 8 May 2000, Elizabeth Laws, Silver Lake, NH, Contributing Member
- Died, 11 May 2000, G. Rodney Hackwell, North Easton, MA, Life Member
- Died, 18 May 2000, Edward MacGibbon, Palatka, FL, Life Member
- Died, 27 May 2000, Margaret Sawyer, Waterford, Life Member



MEMBER PROFILE: JEAN K. OWEN

Jean K. Owen was born in Berlin, NH, but grew up in Gorham, NH, and graduated from Gorham High School in 1949. She also graduated from Lasall Junior College in Newton, MA in 1951, where she trained as a medical secretary. She lived in Portland for a time. In 1955, she married James B. Owen, and lived in Boston for three years. After moving to Bethel they had two children and were divorced in 1975. She also has one grandchild. She worked in Dr. John Young's office for five years before transferring to the Bethel Savings Bank. Since her retirement in 1995, she has become a volunteer in the museum Shop and serves on the Society's Membership Committee. Her hobbies include reading and gardening.



Society Assistant Director and Curator of Collections Randall H. Bennett and Bunny McBride, author of Women of the Dawn, discuss Indian artifacts at the Robinson House

EDITOR'S CORNER

A number of readers responded very positively to the Henry T. Finck piece in the last issue. One other story of him is in order. In Ruth Crosby's book, *I WAS A SUMMER BOARDER*, is recorded the fact that no boy working at Miss Locke's was allowed to whistle when Finck was in residence. Whistling annoyed him intensely, so Miss Locke barred the practice during the time he was at Sunday River. SRH



The chimneys of the historic portion of the O'Neil Robinson House were repointed and upgraded during the spring and early summer.

BOOK NOTE

Fly Rod Crosby: The Woman Who Marketed Maine. By Julia A. Hunter and Earle G. Shettleworth, Jr. (Gardiner, Maine: Tilburn House, 2000. Pp. 210. Paper. \$25.)

Julia Hunter and Earle Shettleworth have provided us with the first formal biography of Cornelia Crosby (b. 1854) of Phillips, Maine, who because of her prowess at fly fishing, became known as "Fly Rod."

In addition, her skills as a guide and crack shot, plus her deep knowledge of the Maine woods led to a legendary reputation among those interested in the less developed areas of the State. Through her writings and exhibits in various metropolitan areas in the northeast, she marketed the State to many who were drawn here by the wilderness experience along with good fishing and hunting. The book is considerably enhanced by over one hundred pages of text and photos of the Rangeley Lakes and Mt. Katahdin region taken by the famed Maine photographer Edwin Starbird between 1886 and 1903.

This section is ably introduced by Shettleworth, who as Director of the Maine Historic Preservation Commission has been a leader in collecting these views of a bygone era of "rusticators" and camp life deep in the Maine interior. Fly Rod Crosby died at the age of 92 in 1946; she is buried with her parents and brother in Strong.

This book will likely be a "must" for anyone interested in the Maine woods experience during the late 19th and early 20th centuries.

SRH

BETHEL HISTORICAL SOCIETY *Membership Application*

Membership in the Society entitles you to:

- Free admission to regularly scheduled tours of the Mason House period rooms
- A 10% discount on purchases of \$10 or more from the Society's Museum Shop
- Special Research Library privileges, including reduced photocopying fees
- Subscription to the Society's quarterly publication, *The Courier*
- Preferred rate for exhibit hall/meeting room rental
- Voting rights in the Society
- Reduced course fees
- Special invitations to Society events

Note: New memberships activated after July 1 include that calendar year, plus the following year.

- ___ Student (under 18 years) - \$3
- ___ Senior (over 55 years) - \$5
- ___ Sustaining (individual) - \$10
- ___ Contributing - \$20
- ___ Patron - \$30
- ___ Benefactor - \$40

- ___ Life over 55 years (individual) - \$100
- ___ Life over 55 years (couple) - \$150
- ___ Life 55 and under (individual) - \$200
- ___ Life 55 and under (couple) - \$250
- ___ Individual preference (any amount over \$10)
- ___ Corporate/Business - \$50

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Reproduction of a circa 1900 set of cards manufactured by Chisholm Brothers of Portland, Maine. Features 52 views of waterfalls, mountains, railroad scenes, and grand hotels. \$9.95

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Glass in New England. 47 pp., paper. \$3.50

Architecture in Early New England. 40 pp., paper. \$5.95

Country Stores in Early New England. 16 pp., paper.
\$3.00

The Village and the Nation. 78 pp., paper. \$6.95

Rum and Reform in Old New England. 19 pp., paper.
\$3.00

Roads and Travel in New England 1790 - 1840. 28 pp.,
paper. \$3.00

Northern Comfort: New England's Early Quilts, 1780 - 1850.

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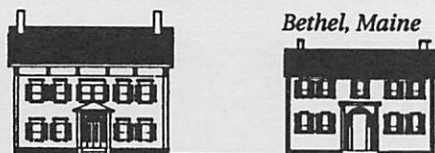
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